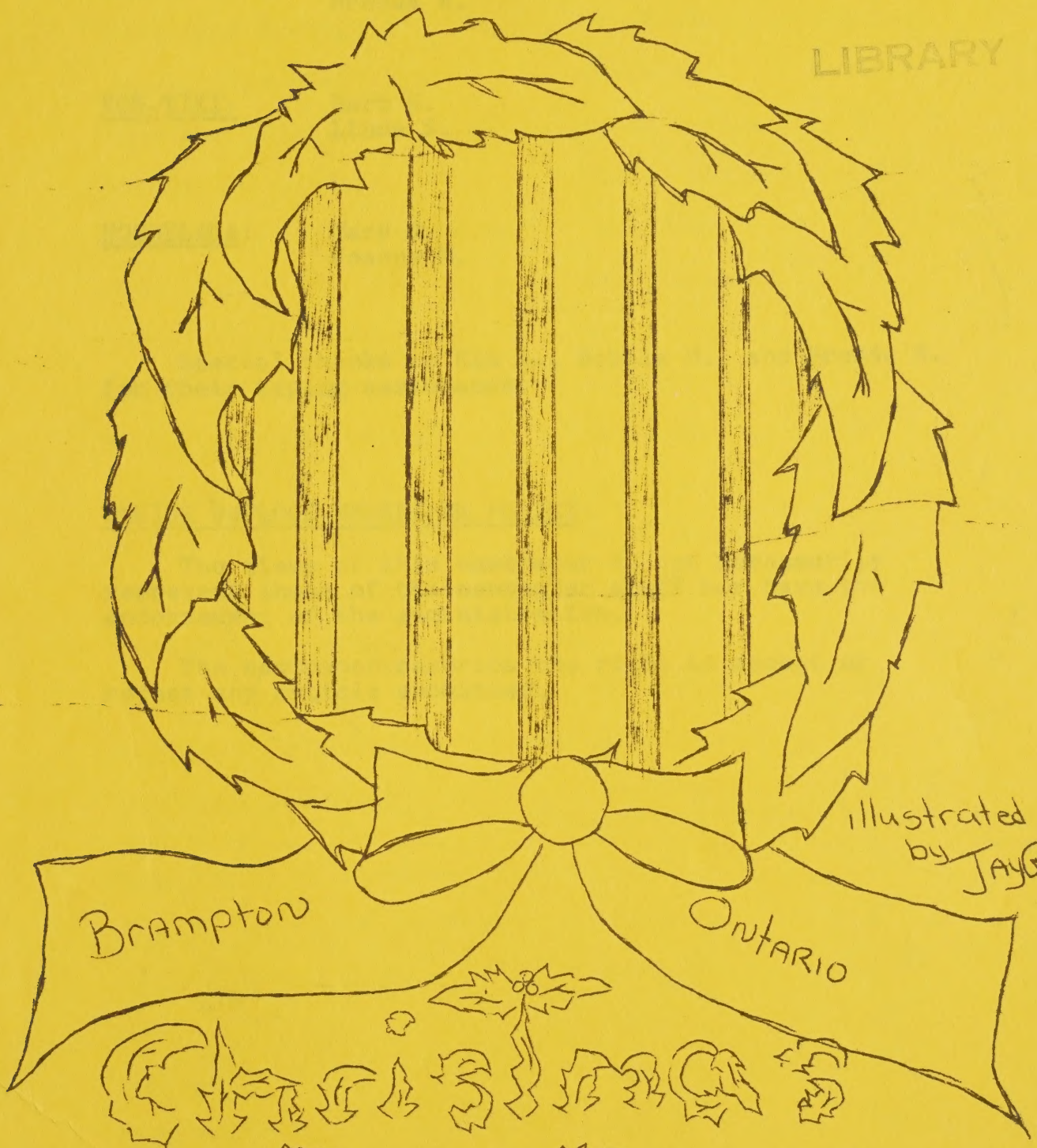
Inside Out



illustrated by JAYG

Christmas Edition

Vol 3. no. 6

MASTHEAD

INVICTUS: Laura M.
Brenda H.

KON-TIKI: Barb M.
Linda S.

HOCHELAGA: Mary G.
Joanne M.

Special thanks to Kim G., Debbie M., and Brenda R. for their typing assistance.

INSIDE OUTLOOK NEWSPAPER POLICY:

The views of this newspaper do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper staff nor have the endorsement of the administration.

The newspaper reserves the right to accept or reject any article submitted.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/31761075964940

INDEX

TOPIC	SUBMITTED BY	PAGE
Christmas Message	Mr. Doyle	2,3
Researching Christmas	Laura M.	4
Christmas Spirits	Linda S.	4
Toronto Sun Article	Millie Drain	5-6
My Feelings About Christmas	Mrs. Ives	7
Love Cake	Mrs. Green	7
Mother Stuart's Prayer	Mrs. Gagne	8
A Jumbled Christmas Message	Shirley M.	9
My Christmas Illusions	Laura K.	10
Christmas	Laura K.	10
Prison In Switzerland	Barb M.	11
Prison In Switzerland	Barb M.	12
Contributions From St. Leonards		13-14
Clues To Christmas Crosswords	Shirley M.	15
Christmas In Vanier	Linda S.	15
Christmas Crossword	Shirley M. Illustrated by Mary G.	16
Remembrance Of Christmas Past	Pat T.	17
Replace Xmas With Christmas	Laura M.	17
Christ Climbed Down	Unknown	18-19
Poem	Mary G.	20
Big Day	Jean M.	20
Kid Stuff	Pat T.	20
Answer To Jumble And Scramble	Shirley M.	21

CHRISTMAS 1975

Christmas traditionally has been celebrated as a time of love, understanding and sharing with members of our family, our friends, our immediate community and society at large. As we focus our thoughts on Christmas 1975, we surely must see the great need for a deeper sense of love, understanding and sharing to permeate humankind which from time to time seems to be racing towards chaos.

A fable is told about a Sea Horse who gathered up his seven pieces of eight and cantered out to find his fortune. Before he travelled very far, he met an eel who said,

> "Psst. hey, bud. Where 'ya goin'?"
> "I'm going out to find my fortune", replied the Sea Horse proudly.
> "You're in luck", said the Eel. "For four pieces of eight you can have this speedy flipper and then you'll be able to get there a lot faster."
> "Gee, that's swell", said the Sea Horse, and paid the money and put on the flipper and slithered off at twice the speed. Soon he came upon a Sponge, who said: "Psst. hey, bud. Where 'ya goin'?"
> "I'm going out to find my fortune", replied the Sea Horse.
> "You're in luck", said the Sponge. "For a small fee I will let you have this jet propelled scooter so that you will be able to travel a lot faster". So the Sea Horse bought the scooter with his remaining money and went zooming through the sea five times as fast. Soon he came upon a Shark who said:
> "Psst. hey, bud. Where 'ya goin'?"
> "I'm going to find my fortune", replied the Sea Horse.
> "You're in luck. If you take this short cut", said the Shark, pointing to his open mouth, "you'll save yourself a lot of time".
> "Gee thanks", said the Sea Horse, and zoomed off into the interior of the Shark, there to be devoured.

This is a silly fable but I feel the moral is weighty. If we, as individuals, and as a group of individuals do not have a clear idea of the end at which we aim in this sometimes complex society, we may seriously go astray - in fact, we may end up in disaster.

The end for which we aim, through our various activities, here at the Vanier Centre and elsewhere in our lives, should be a <u>respect</u> for ourselves and a respect for others. All human beings are worthy of respect no matter what their faults or failings. Every human being has inherent dignity which must be acknowledged even when (or perhaps when) it becomes necessary to impose sanctions. There is no "garbage", there are no "monsters" - just human beings - sometimes troubled and confused, sometimes brilliant and graceful, often unsteadily groping towards maturity. It is necessary for us to remind ourselves constantly of the fundamental humaneness of every rational being and to keep our attitudes to our convictions. We will not always receive respect from others, but if we truly respect ourselves, we will not permit our ideals to be tarnished by the thoughtlessness of others.

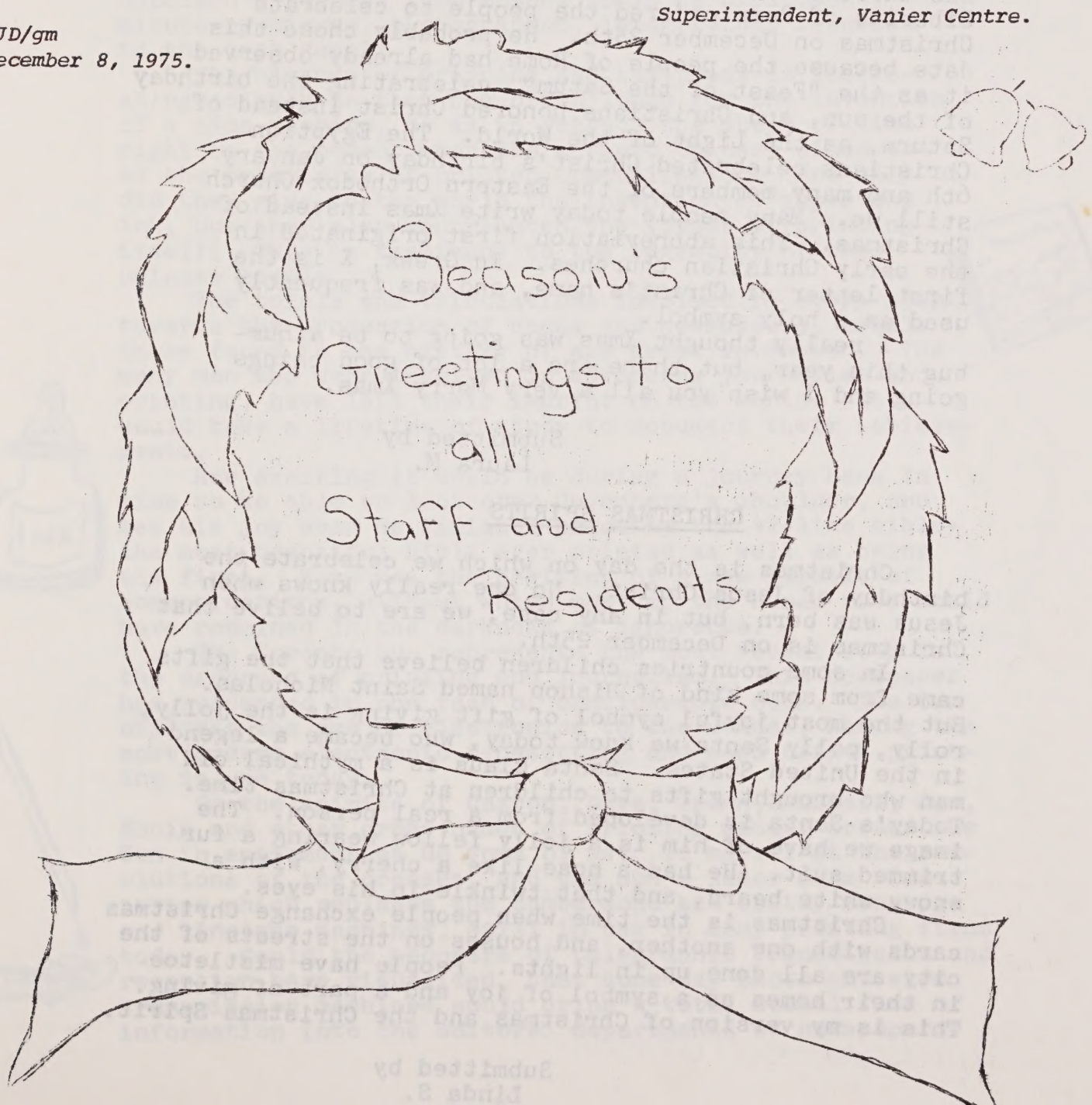
A genuine respect is the foundation for and the source too of real love for others. To say we love others sounds almost corny in a modern context, yet if we ponder carefully what we are about, what end we are aiming for, then hopefully we must see that this is the very core or heart of that end.

To cultivate a genuine respect for ourselves and others is not easy, and there are no short cuts, and no magic. I trust that Christmas 1975 will be a time when we examine the respect that we have for ourselves and others and take the responsibility of enhancing that respect.

To all the residents and staff members of the Vanier Centre, I would like to wish a very Happy Christmas and a most fulfilling 1976.

B. J. Doyle,
Superintendent, Vanier Centre.

BJD/gm
December 8, 1975.



RESEARCHING CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the happiest and busiest time of year for millions of Christians all over the world. They observe the holiday with religious ceremonies and prayer. Many persons look forward to happy family parties and exchanging gifts. Christians everywhere unite in their feelings of joy on Christ's birthday.

As we know, Christmas is on December 25th, but who chose this to be the date? In A.D. 354, Bishop Liberius of Rome ordered the people to celebrate Christmas on December 25th. He probably chose this date because the people of Rome had already observed it as the "Feast of the Satum", celebrating the birthday of the sun, and Christians honored Christ instead of Saturn, as the Light of the World. The Egyption Christians celebrated Christ's birthday on January 6th and many members of the Eastern Orthodox Church still do. Many people today write Xmas instead of Christmas. This abbreviation first originated in the early Christian churches. In Greek, X is the first letter of Christ's name, and was frequently used as a holy symbol.

I really thought Xmas was going to be a humbug this year, but there are a lot of good things going and I wish you all a very Merry Xmas.

Submitted by
Laura M.

CHRISTMAS SPIRITS

Christmas is the day on which we celebrate the birthday of Jesus Christ. No one really knows when Jesus was born, but in any case, we are to belive that Christmas is on December 25th.

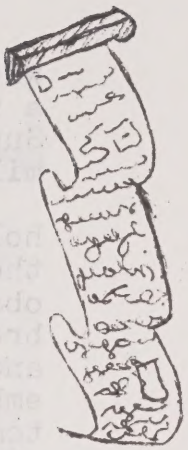
In some countries children believe that the gifts came from some kind of Bishop named Saint Nicholas. But the most joyful symbol of gift giving is the jolly, rolly, polly Santa we know today, who became a legend in the United States. Santa Claus is a mythical old man who brought gifts to children at Christmas time. Today's Santa is developed from a real person. The image we have of him is a jolly fellow wearing a fur trimmed suit. He has a nose like a cherry, with a snowy white beard, and that twinkle in his eyes.

Christmas is the time when people exchange Christmas cards with one another, and houses on the streets of the city are all done up in lights. People have mistletoe in their homes as a symbol of joy and a part of giving. This is my version of Christmas and the Christmas Spirit.

Submitted by
Linda S.

..A NEWSPAPER TOUR

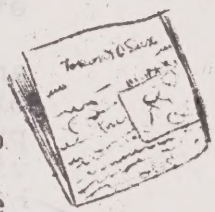
On December 11th, 1975, the Vanier Newspaper Group went on a tour of the Toronto Sun Newspaper. Millie Drain, who is a Public Relations Officer at the Sun, guided us through the different departments in the building. She also gave us the following article to reprint.



THE TORONTO SUN

No person who has grown used to daily newspapers as a regular diet could easily live without them. The advances made in journalism are really miraculous when one considers it took months for the news of Napoleon to reach the shores of America. Today the news of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow would be broadcast minute-by-minute, photographed, interpreted, recorded to the last detail.

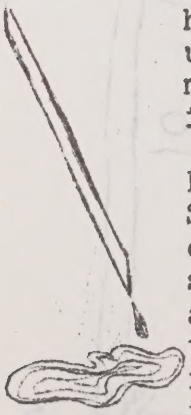
The history of printing and the press is fascinating-so much so that one often longs for the invention of a time machine, so as to retrace the steps of time right to the mement when the ancient Chinese discovered the principles of printed communication. Not only did they give to the world the invention of paper and ink, but they also contributed the format of printing itself. This is testimony to the ingenuity of the Chinese people.



The trials and tribulations involved in every step towards the production of books and newspapers, equals those found in the history of any great invention. The many men who were involved in advancing journalism and printing, have left their imprint on the world. It would take a lifetime of study to document their achievements.

How exciting it would be during a journey back in time to be able to look over Gutenberg's shoulder, and see his joy when he finished printing the 42-line bible-the most beautiful bible ever printed as well as being the first. Here was the begining of a new miracle of communications, without which most of the human race would have remained in the darkness of ignorance.

The Toronto Sun represents the most recent step in the progress of printing and journalism. This newspaper has succeeded in the face of considerable odds. The Sun utilizes the age of electronics to the utmost, having the most modern electronic typesetting and webb offset printing in use today.



Do the spirits of Caxton, Daye, Green, Bushell, Hoe, Konig and other great names of printing wander around the Sun in amazement as do some of us? To marvel at the revolutions of the presses, and the Sun's laser beam vidosetter which replaces the cumbersone and costly monotype and linotype machines, still in use in many printing firms today. Could the peoneers of telegraphic transmission and reception have visualized, that some day photo and wire transmission machines would bring a total Global flow of information into the editoral departments of newspapers?

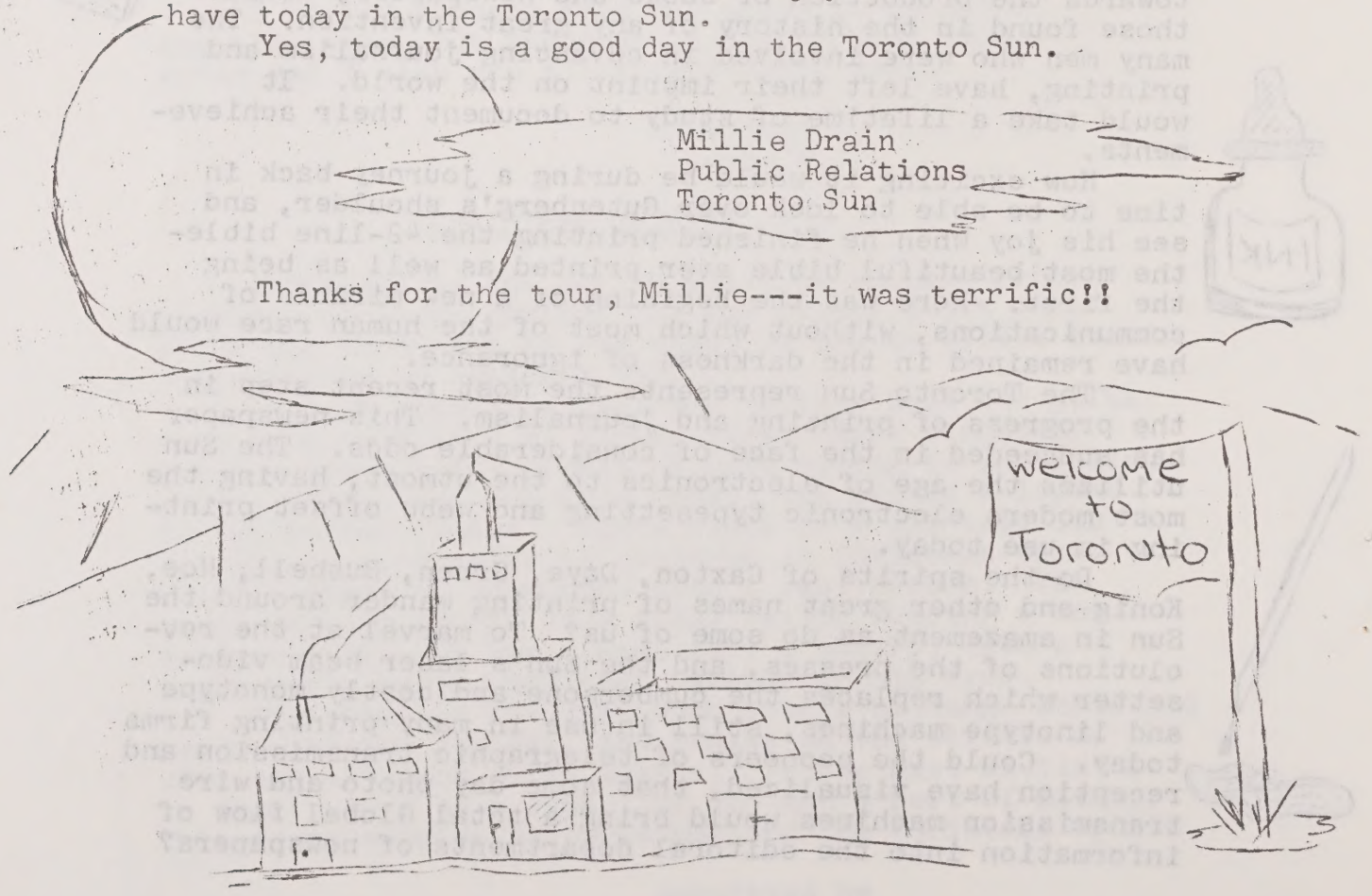
Perhaps they did, as all great men dream dreams; when the time and circumstances are right, dreams have a tendency to materialize into realities. The Toronto Sun began as a dream, then materialized into an eleven million dollar reality.

One can only be left wondering what tomorrow holds for the fields of communications. Will even the Sun's ultimate in printing and journalism be obsolete in say, fifty years? Will scientists have broken the barriers of the speed of light by then, and computers be programmed to disassemble and reassemble human molecules? Perhaps reporters in tomorrow's tomorrow will step into a time machine and snap-be right at the scene of the happening within seconds, a scary but wonderful possibility of tomorrow's eventualities.

This is not a mere supposition, but a logical probability when we remember that science teaches us nothing, but nothing, is "solid" even the most eye-seeming solid is composed of minute electrons. Time itself has more dimensions than we human beings will ever be aware of.

Perhaps another possible possibility will surface, and scientists will have learned to decipher the code of human receival and transmission. However, the prospects of being able to tune into another's thoughts via their brain-waves is not as enjoyable as what we have today in the Toronto Sun.

Yes, today is a good day in the Toronto Sun.



THE VANIER STAFF PRESENTS
My Feelings About Chrsitams

A time of giving wishing everyone health and happiness in the New Year.

Great! After the decorations are down, the presents exchanged, or seen as useless, where does the Christmas Spirit go? Usually out of the door, with the last empty bottle.

Couldn't we carry on caring and sharing, giving consideration to each other throughout the Year? Then, when Christmas comes again we can celebrate it with true meaning; even if we can't give expensive presents, we have given ourselves--the greatest gift.

Mrs. Ives.

LOVE CAKE

2-Shady trees
1-Tiny waist (well squeezed)
2-smiling faces
4-Lips pressed

Method

Mix all together with a gallon of Love,
stir in a pint of moonlight,
and bake as long as you like.

MATRIMONY CAKE

Take a cup of kindness and another of Love,
In a pan of happiness mix the above.
Add a pinch of tenderness, and a tablespoonful of trust
Stir in a little sunshine, rool out a smiling crust.
Flour with contentment, keep all free from strife
Fill with understanding and bake well all your life.

Mrs. Green
Casual CO.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Instructions:

The words form an important message. Can you unjumble the words to find the message? The words may be used more than once.

fdinser	_____	bmeremr	_____
oruy	_____	mtie	_____
dan	_____	pahapnises	_____
yhapp	_____	ginvlo	_____
kema	_____	ratetm	_____
rfo	_____	rheew	_____
uyo	_____	era	_____
tmacsrihs	_____	ytr	_____
hist	_____		

Message:

_____ _____ is a _____ _____ _____
_____ _____ no _____ _____ _____ _____
_____ to _____ _____ to _____ _____ _____
_____ _____, _____ _____ _____.

S C R A M B L E

Instructions:

Unscramble the words .

myviirrabg ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ setsrpen ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

esjsu ☐☐☐☐☐ swolliog ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

crtreessiamht ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Submitted by
Shirley M.

Answers on Pg. 21

MY CHRISTMAS ILLUSIONS

Sometimes Christmas's aren't as Christmassy as I would like them to be. When I think about it, images of fat Santa's, loads of decorations, a huge green tree, and a ton of presents enters into my head. But not so...when I was a kid, I would sit on Santa's knee and go on and on. A trait I carried into my elder years; about the trucks and Chatty Kathies I wanted and Santa would promise me the world. So I would go home and continue a normal night up to Christmas Eve. I lay awake promising myself that I would not sleep until that jolly gentleman would come and leave my load of presents, but always I would drift off to sleep.

The next morning...Christmas!!! About 5:30 I tore out of my bed, then downstairs under the tree and ripped open my presents! I didn't care about the stockings, there wouldn't be anything of much worth in there, so on to my presents. I could make out the outlines of the truck (page 85 of the Eaton's Catalogue) and what, a pair of pyjamas...oh, what a drag, but wait! Another present, perhaps a doll? Another disappointment, a comb and brush set. So it went, I refused to believe in that bearded wierdo who called himself Santa.

Now when Christmas comes I buy myself what I want so I won't be disappointed. This year I think I'll buy myself a Chatty Kathy.

Submitted by
Laura K.

CHRISTMAS

I heard singing from the streets
So I ventured down
and saw nothing
only shadows...and a record playing
under the flashing lights
neon babes
in their plastic mangers
swept comic smiles
at silent strangers passing by
while snow continued to fall
I lit the candles one by one
shut my door
vowing never again
to have a commercial Christmas.

Submitted by
Laura K.

PRISON IN SWITZERLAND

Mrs. Schneider who is a matron over in Switzerland was visiting Vanier for a couple of days and was explaining the difference between Canadian and Swiss Correction Centres.

There is only one women's prison for all of Switzerland named "Hindlebank." The prison is governed by Mr. Meier. Mr. Meier's father was governor before he passed on and his father before him. The sixty-six year old man see's after everything and checks all mail that comes in and goes out.

There are two sections which catergorize first offenders and returners. In cases of capital punishment, these women are put with the returners.

In the section of first offenders, there are social workers from twenty-two to thirty-five who look after the women.

In the returners section there are five Luthern sisters who are trained in nursing to look after these women. These sister's ages vary from forty-five to sixty-six years of age, and have worked there all their life.

In 1974, a new experience happened in Hindlebank with six girls from the age of fourteen to sixteen to talk and discuss

their problems with social workers and try to help them fit into society.

Most women that are at Hindlebank are for transporting drugs, prostitution, drunkiness, and other minor offences.

The visiting hours are for one hour and the women may have two visits per week. No children are permitted to visit at Hindlebank.

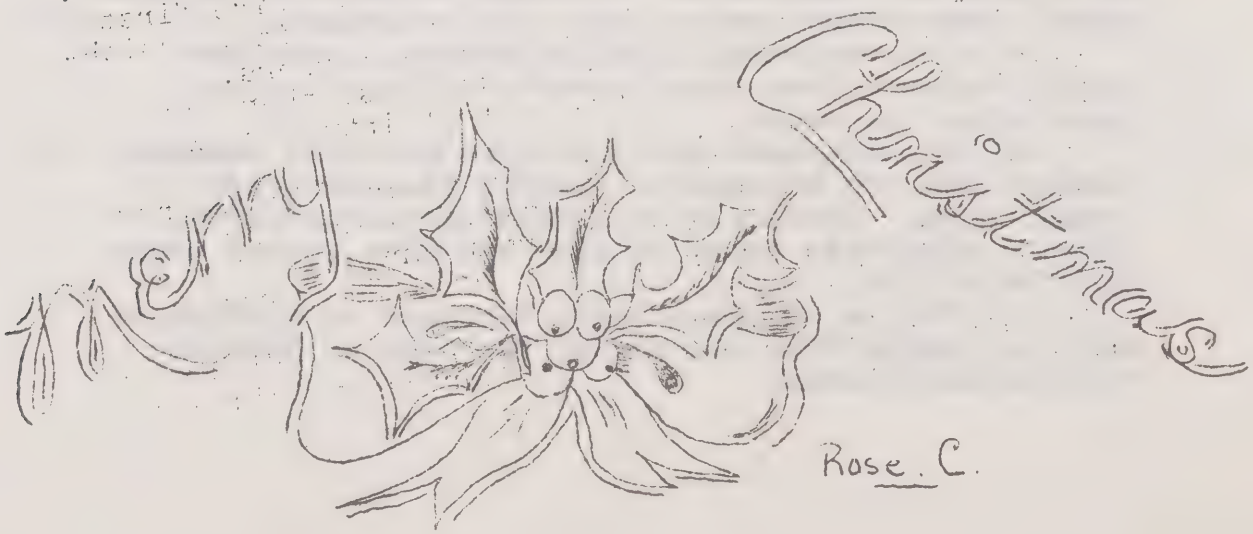
There are no hospital facilities or doctors at this prison. If a woman is ill or going to give birth, they are taken to an outside hospital. At this hospital there is a special section for the women from Hindlebank. If a woman has a child while in custody, the child remains with its mother up to two years at the prison. If the mother has a longer term than two years, the baby is then handed over to the Children's Aid Society.

The working facilities consist of laundry, sewing, kitchen, and putting labels, newspapers, and books together for doctors. The returners only are allowed to work in the sewing department. The rest of the inmates work in the remaining work areas. They also fix record players and hair dryers from near by towns.

At Hindlebank, you may keep half of your earned money for buying canteen and the rest is put into your savings account. On the canteen, you may buy fruit, wool, cotton, smokes, and chocolate. There are also four levels of money, too.

You are not allowed a T.A.P. until half of your sentence is served. That means that if you are sentenced to six years, you have to do three years straight without going out on a T.A.P. The only exception is a death in the immediate family.

Submitted by
Billie M.



CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ST. LEONARDS HOUSE,

BRAMPTON, ONTARIO

When I sat down to write to all of you, I wanted first to think of a theme. You know, like you had to in school, like "What I did this summer" or "What St. Leonard's name means to a square john." To a certain extent this would be appropriate, since the system certainly tends to isolate people like me and put us under suspicion. On one hand this is because the present system of incarceration and release from incarceration inevitable confronts the individual with others who have been given control over the inmate's or parolee's actions, but who are otherwise usually quite uninvolved in the individuals life. Sometimes friends, lovers, parents, or children exercise control over us, too, but we try to do what they want us to do because they can also fulfill something in us, and they can also sometimes do what we want then to do for us. Furthermore this theme would be appropriate for me because sometimes I am put in a position where I have to enforce rules against someone, who by his actions or attitude threatens to blow the scene for those who are trying or for those guys still inside who we can help to get out.

But when I really think about it, St. Leonard's means nothing to me as a square john. We know that you go through a lot of crap in there. But what you can do out here is cut through all that. You see, at St. Leonard's, right up front you know we're square and we know you've done time. So we don't have to mess around with that. We can get down to business, begin to deal with what's really going down. Inside or outside. I mean there are some really beautiful things happening here. In me. In everyone. In the street.

And you see, we've prepared part of the way for you. Like we needed work. So we reached out. We all needed friends who were trying like us, (yeah) so we reached out. Now there is more work opening up and there are more people in the street who really understand where people have been, where they want to go, and what's inside their heads.

Very truly yours,
Edwin M. Alexander,
Assistant Director,
St. Leonard's (Peel)

I am an inmate on day parole. I have been living at St. Leonard's House in Brampton, Ontario. I've been living at St. Leonard's House since August 25th, 1975.

I feel that the Director of St. Leonard's House, Steve Kay, has really given me a break. I am unemployed at the moment, but I still have three meals a day and the refridgerator is always open for snacks. I have my own bed to sleep in and I'm free to invite my friends over to visit as long as they leave the house at a reasonable time. I am on a 12:00 p.m. curfew. I'll mention the fact that I have two counsellors, Ed Alexander and Vicki Jackson, who are very interested in helping me to have more education which I most definitely need. I have also met a lot of other people who are indeed helping me. I am very depressed at the moment and quite discouraged because I have a problem finding a job. However, I am quite welcome at St. Leonard's House even though I'm not working. We inmates who are at St. Leonard's House have a TV to watch, and a radio to listen to. What I'm really saying is we all have our freedom and comfort at St. Leonard's House. We have a lady who cooks our meals and she is a great cook. I find that I am a very miserable person and I'm always complaining about something but I know that once I have steady employment, I'll be happier. The counsellors have their job to think of and they do have to lean on some guys here. What I mean is there are rules and regulations that we have to abide by. Our counsellors do their best to help us all. I really feel quite happy and quite content living here.

Steven Joy

LETTER FROM VICKI J.

I believe a counsellor's job is a very important one because we have to help people to bridge the gap between institutional life and life out here. We should be able to reach out to each individual and help them realize their potential as a member of society. This includes everything from helping them find a job to showing them that somebody cares very much about what happens to them. That someone understands the struggle involved in trying to change their whole life style.

Having been through the system myself I can really understand and support the guys I work with. I class them as friends not as cases. I guess that's mainly because I am struggling right along with them and because people coming out of jail need friends not someone who thinks of them as merely an object to reform.

Since I have started to work at St. Leonard's I have come to realize that everyone is not indifferent to the frustration, hurt and loneliness that a person coming out of jail experiences. I am working side by side with people who are genuinely concerned about the happiness of anyone sent to either of these homes. Of course the individual himself must make an effort too. There are enough caring people at St. Leonard's that if a person really wants to make it, he can.

These houses are so necessary because without them some people would not get parole and without them people wouldn't have the opportunity to live somewhere where they are never alone in their struggle to stay out of jail.

Vicki J.

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

CLUES

1. Hung by fireplace
2. Holiday soon coming
3. Red nosed reindeer
4. Opposite of sad
5. Born on Christmas
6. Rides in sleigh
7. Presents are put under ____
8. Red & white candy
9. At top of tree
10. Jesus was born in a _____
11. Put under tree
12. A gift brought to Jesus

by Shirley M.

TURN THE PAGE FOR THE CROSSWORD

CHRISTMAS IN VANIER

People shouldn't dwell on the past. But when you're in Vanier, a lot of girls do.

I'm speaking just for myself. Last year I thought, "WOW"! here I am, in jail. It's Christmas and know one cares. But I found out I was wrong. People do care. They try to make Christmas like it is at home. Even though you're not, it's the thought behind it.

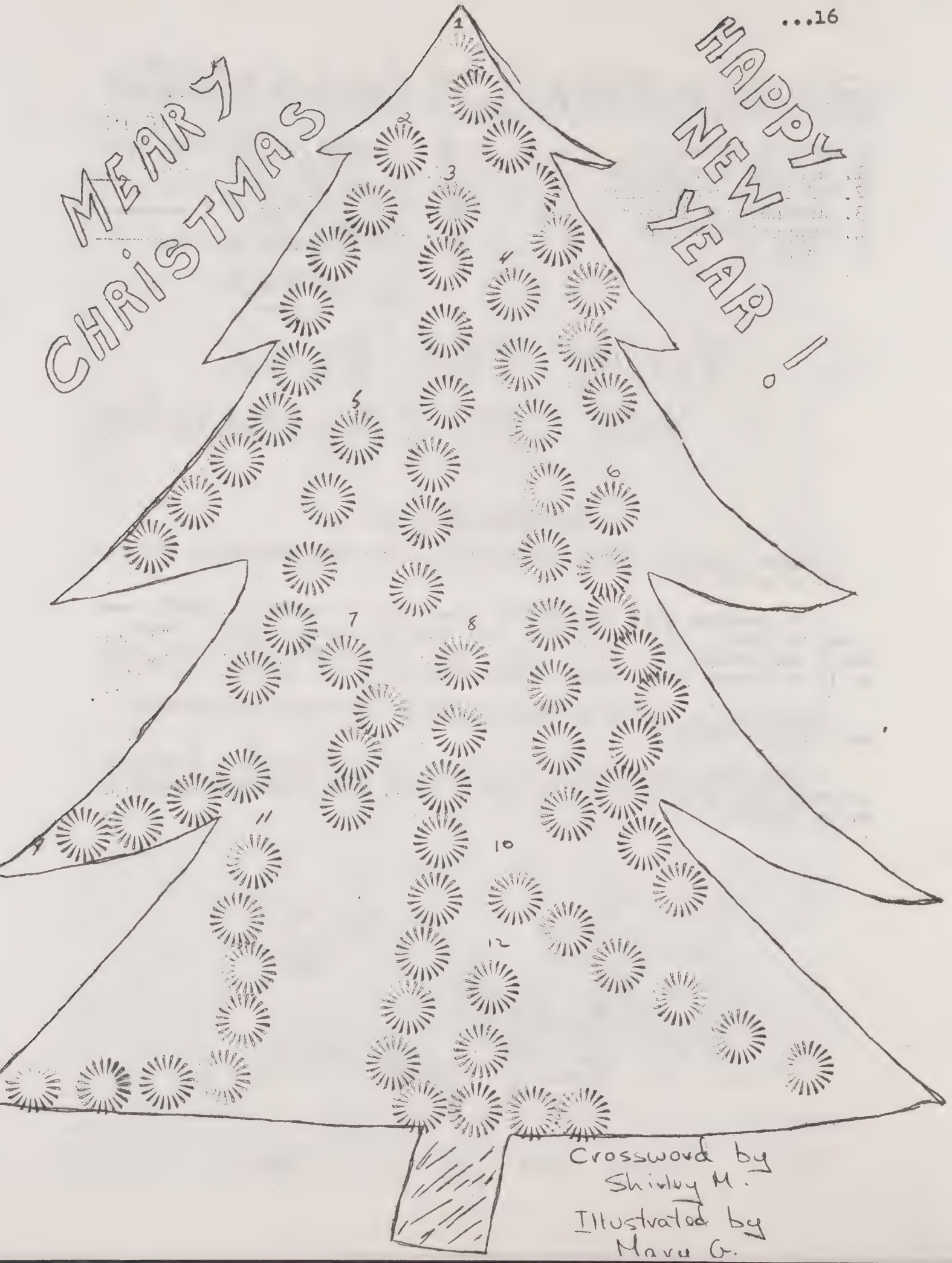
Christmas in Vanier is when residents and staff get together and rejoice together.

I find that people are a lot closer to one another. It's nice to know that people really do care. Thats what Christmas means to me in Vanier.

by
Linda S.

Happy New Year

Rose C.



Crossword by
Shirley M.

Illustrated by
Mary G.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRISTMAS PAST

One year I went to a Singles' party,
Everybody else got dates.
I couldn't get a taxi.
That was before you, Vanier.

One Christmas I took songs and presents to a childrens' hospital, where there was this four year old boy with four months to live.
I didn't smile till February.
That was before you, Vanier.

Once I bought a seven-foot tree and a turkey, and lots of presents for my family which I wrapped and took pictures of them under the tree.
They came out beautiful.
That was before you, Vanier.

And one memorable Christmas I broke the rules of the road and called my love, my darling, at home where he was spending this joyous Yule with his family, He hung up.
That was before you, Vanier.

Look closely, Vanier.
Are they etched upon my face?
The scars?
Can you see them plainly?
Are they disfiguring?
The first Christmas I spent looking at you.

by
Pat T.

REPLACE XMAS WITH CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the time of year
When all good children are full of cheer
Waiting by the fireside
For Santa to take them for a ride
A ride to far off places
Where all the bright lights shine
Where sugar plums and Santa's elves
Are all in Christmas ryhme.

Christmas is the time of year
When all young wives are full of cheer
Waiting by the fireside
For Santa to make them his bride
All over the country I see elves dance
And Rudolph has put me in some kind of a trance
Up in the air with his nose so bright
He too dances in sheer delight

Christmas is the time of year
When all old grudges cry with a snear
"Christmas, ah hummbug!" What is it they fear?
Christmas should be the happiest time of the year!

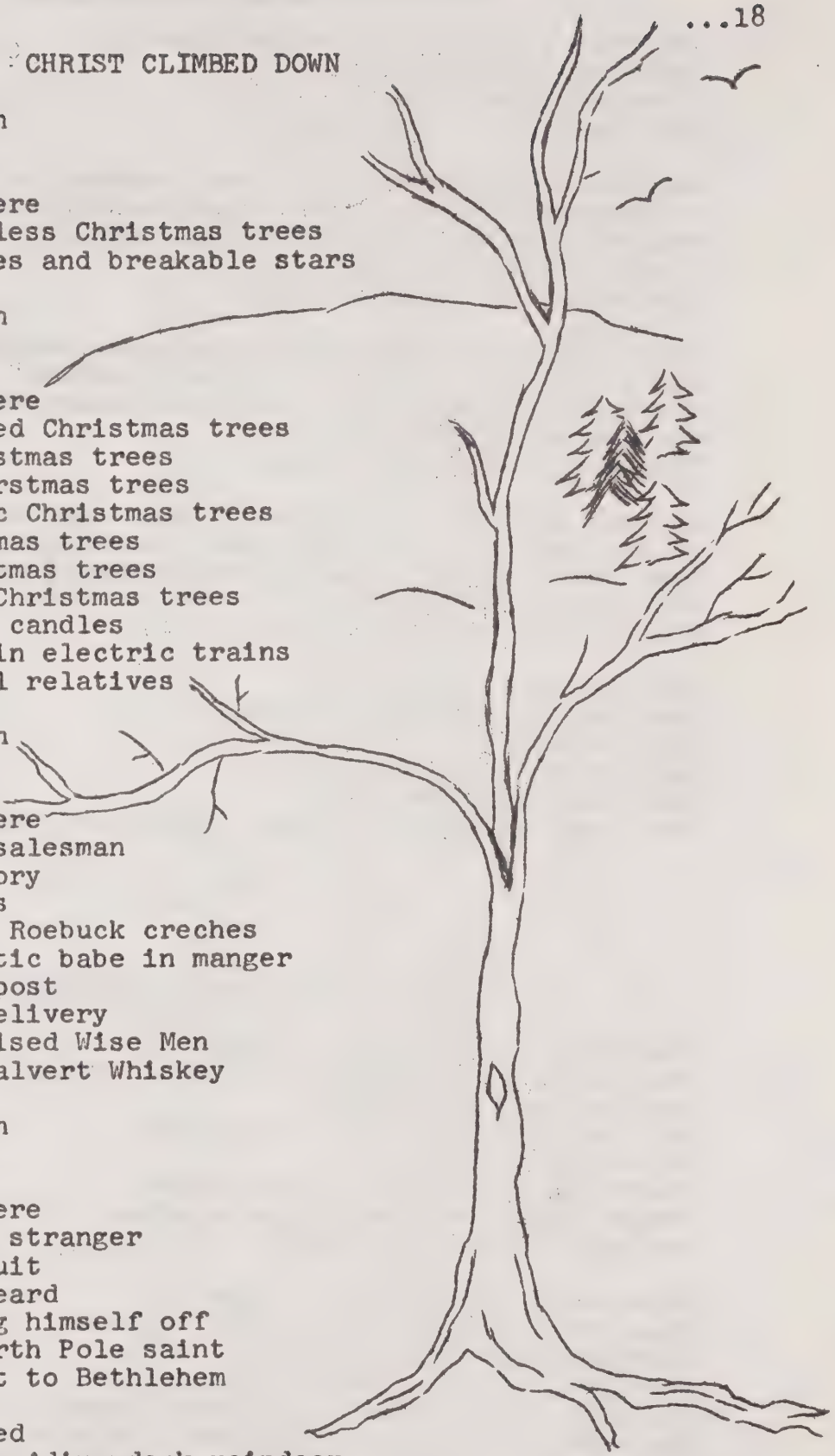
CHRIST CLIMBED DOWN

Vhrist climbed down
from his bare Tree
this year
and ran away to where
there were no rootless Christmas trees
hung with candycanes and breakable stars

Christ climbed down
from His bare Tree
this year
and ran away to where
there were no gilded Christmas trees
and no tinsel Christmas trees
and no tinfoil Chirstmas trees
and no pink plastic Christmas trees
and no gold Christmas trees
and no black Christmas trees
and no powderblue Christmas trees
hung with electric candles
and encircled by tin electric trains
and clever cornball relatives

Christ climbed down
from His bare Tree
this year
and ran away to where
no intrepid Bible salesman
covered the territory
in two-tone candles
and where no Sears Roebuck creches
complete with plastic babe in manger
arrived by parcel post
the babe special delivery
and where no televised Wise Men
praised the Lord Calvert Whiskey

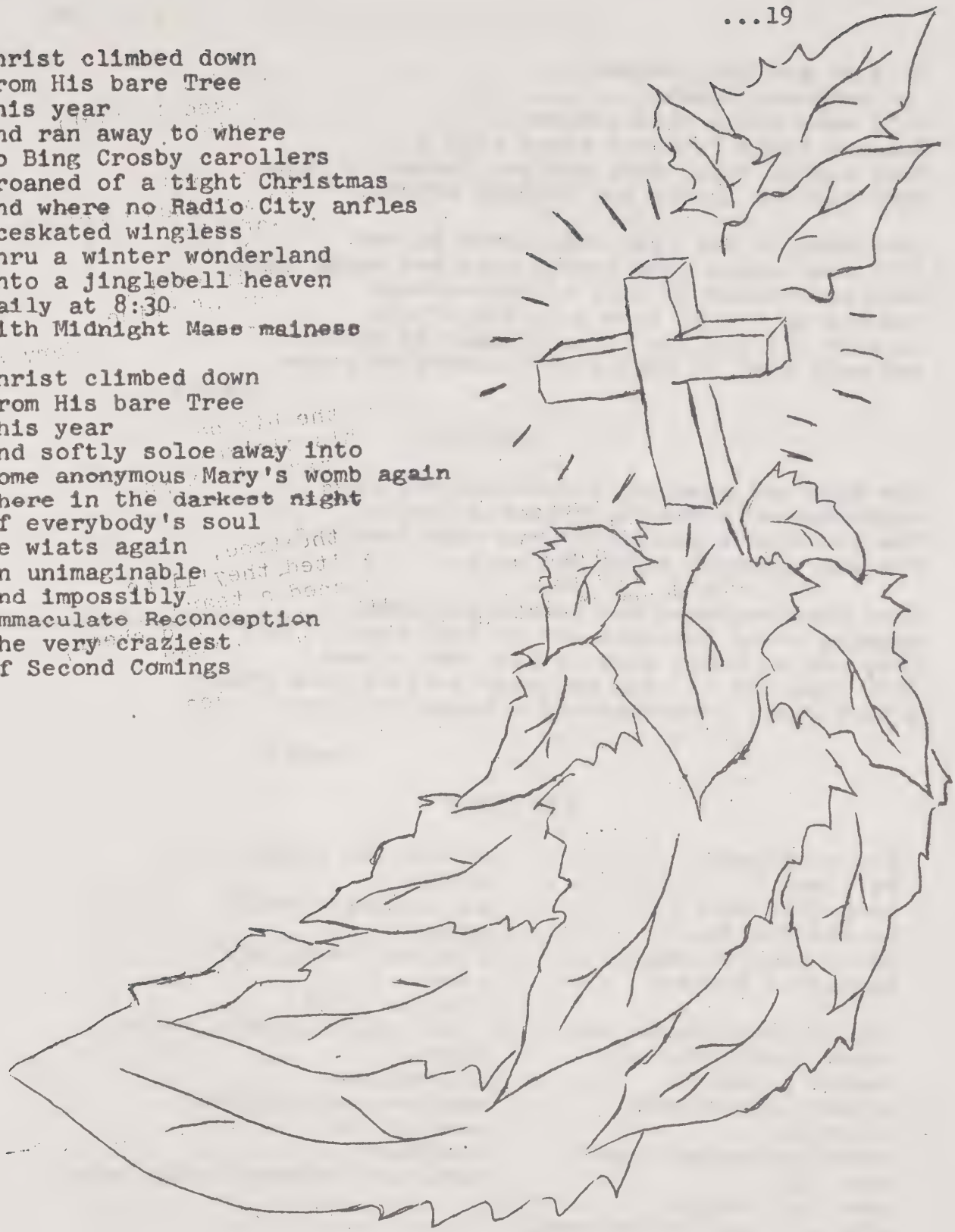
Christ climbed down
from His bare Tree
this year
and ran away to where
no fat handshaking stranger
in a red flannel suit
and a fake white beard
went around passing himself off
as some sort of North Pole saint
crossing the sesert to Bethlehem
Pennsylvania
in a Volkswagon sled
drawn by rollicking Adirondack reindeer
with German names
and bearing socks of Humble Gifts
from Saks fifth Avenue
for everybody's imagined Christ Child



Illustrated by JAYS

Christ climbed down
from His bare Tree
this year
and ran away to where
no Bing Crosby carollers
groaned of a tight Christmas
and where no Radio City anfles
iceskated wingless
thru a winter wonderland
into a jinglebell heaven
daily at 8:30
with Midnight Mass mainess

Christ climbed down
from His bare Tree
this year
and softly soloe away into
some anonymous Mary's womb again
where in the darkest night
of everybody's soul
He wiats again
an unimaginable
and impossibly
Immaculate Reconception
the very craziest
of Second Comings



It's an exciting season
or only one reason
It's when every girl and boy
Hang up their coloured socks with joy
They run to their beds and get tucked in tight
When all the lights are shining bright.

Christmas is the time for sorrow to end
It's the season that should make you happy again
When your house is full of next-of-kin
Who mix up drinks from a bottle of gin
So take all the joy and excitment in stride
And walk back to Vanier with upmost of pride.

Mary G.

BIG DAY

The kids are sleeping before the big day,
While Santa is traveling in his sleigh.
The elves have worked hard to make the toys,
For all the good girls and boys.

They have awakened and around the tree,
Opening their presents how excited they'll be.
They are so happy they've all shed a tear,
It's time now to wish you with lots of good cheer;
A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Jean M.

KID STUFF

The wise guys
tell me
that Christmas
is Kid Stuff...
Maybe they've got
something there--

Two thousand years ago
three wise guys
chased a star
across a continent
to bring
frankincense and myrrh
to a Kid
born in a manger
with an idea in his head...

And as the bombs
crash
all over the world
today
the real wise guys
know
That we've all
got to go chasing stars
again
in the hope
that we can get back
some of that
Kid Stuff
born two thousand years ago--

Submitted by
Pat T.

ANSWER TO THE JUMBLE

Christmas is a time for loving and happiness; no matter where you are. Try to remember this to make Christmas happy for you and your friends.

ANSWERS TO THE SCRAMBLE

1. Virgin Mary
2. Jesus
3. Christmas Tree
4. Presents
5. Goodwill

WE GET LETTERS

To Recreation:

After attending the Kitty Meredith show at Vanier on Sunday afternoon, I thought it would be appropriate to write this letter to you.

I enjoyed myself tremendously. The entertainment was superb, the refreshments delicious, and the company was well...just fantastic. I have yet to speak to any students here at B.A.T.C. who don't feel the same way.

I would appreciate it if you would pass on our thanks to the rest of the women at Vanier for a great afternoon.

Ray Yeoman,
Secretary,
Student's Council,
B.A.T.C.

Hi Teach;

How are you? Well I just thought I would let you know that I've changed my address since the mail strike. I only wanted to inform you that I still want to continue my correspondence courses. Plus, here is a poem I wish you would put in your paper, if you want to. It is dedicated to Vanier.

Hatred has become a part of me
To be loved and cared for is all I need
But some people are too blind to see
So a troublesome life I must lead.

I was once young and very alive
I could bring forth love that's true
But now it's hard for me to survive
When my real friends are very few.

People always smile when they're sad
Because their feelings they won't show
The show part of being glad
When they are feeling very low.

I know this is very true
I do it all the time
I wish I could understand you
And life, hatred and crime.

If you do print it, send me the paper, O.K? Thanks a lot.

A Noble Student,
Carol Ann Phillips

P.S.-- I had a little boy. I named him Kane Austin Raymond Phillips. He was born on Hallowe'en.

ON THAT NOTE WE LEAVE YOU UNTIL THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE INSIDE - OUTLOOK

HAPPY NEW YEAR